THE

Weekly Comedy:

OR, THE

Humours of the AGE:

As Daily Acted in

Town and Country.

To be Continued every Friday.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

ᵉvy, *a Recruiting Officer.*	Venture, *a Merchant.*	Double, *a Time-ſerver.*
ard, *a Gameſter.*	Talley, *a Stock-Jobber.*	Bays, *a Poet.*
a Sharper.	Querpo, *a Quack.*	Log, *a Mariner.*
a Beau.	Trick, *a Lawyer.*	Harlem, *a News-writer.*
a Plain-Dealer.	Grim, *an Aſtrologer.*	Guzzle, *a Hard Drinker.*
, *a Projector.*	Froth, *a Punſter.*	Bohee, *the Coffee-man.*

That we ſhall change our Scene from Place to Place, and vary our Characters as Occaſion ſhall require.

Friday October the 17th, 1707.

The SCENE *continu'd.* Harlem, Querpo, *and* Blunt, *at a Table.*

Harlem. PRAY what piece of *Heatheniſh Conjuration* is this Art of *Pawwawing* among the *Indians?* I never heard of it before; and I thought there could be no Miracle done in this World by the Power of *God*, or the *Devil*, but what either the *Saints*, or the *Sinners*, of this Town would, at ſome time or other, pretend to imitate. —— Pray, *Doctor*, inform me further of this Miſtery?

Querpo. Tho' I have Travel'd over *France*, *Spain* and *Germany*; *Sweden*, *Denmark* and *Poland*; *Rome*, *Italy* and *Holland*; Practiced in all the *Hoſpitals* of *Europe*; taken my Degrees at *Leyden*

Laſt

and *Utrich*, yet my Curioſity never led me into the *Heathen World*, ſo that I can only Oblige you with an unperfect Account, gather'd from other Travellers.

Enter Log.

Omnes. Mr. *Log*, your humble Servant.

Log. I wiſh I had a Ship full of ſuch Servants in *America*, I would ſoon teach you to Sing *Pſalms*, and Steal *Logwood*, and make you at once Serve *God* with your Tongues, and the *Devil* with your Hands, or elſe I would fetch Fire into your Backſides with a *Ropeſend*, or a *Cat-of-nine-Tails*.

Blunt. We may thank our Stars we are not at your Mercy; for, I am apt to believe, when you are in Sovereign Power over your Wooden Territories, or amongſt your Slaves in *Virginia*, you are ſubject to forget they are your fellow Creatures, and of *God*'s Making.

Querpo. But pray, Mr. *Log*, in your repeated Voyages to *America*, was you ever an Eye-Witneſs of the *Pawwawing* of the *Indians*?

Log. Many Years ſince I had once the Opportunity; and, I'll Swear, I was as much amaz'd as if I had met an Army of Old *Witches* floating upon the Main Ocean in a Fleet of *Egg-ſhells*.

Harlem. Pray, Mr. *Log*, acquaint us with the manner of it, and you will much Oblige us, becauſe the *Doctor* thinks that our *French* Prophets, according to the Account he has had of the *Indians*, deceive the World in their Prepoſterous way of *Propheſying* by the like *Subtilties*.

Log. I am but a Blundering Novice at telling a Story; for you know the *Stars* are my *Library*; the *Compaſs* my *Tutor*; and a *Ship* my *Univerſity*: But, owever, I'll hammer out the Truth to ou as well as I can; and if you don't like my Tale, you may kiſs my Stern.

Blunt. Pray lay aſide the Licenſe of a Traveller, and begin as ſoon as you pleaſe.

Log. That I will upon my Word.—— You muſt know the *Indian Sagamores*, or *Kings*, never undertake any conſiderable Enterprize, but they call a *Sunday*, as themſelves Term it, which is uſually continued, with great Solemnity, for ſeveral Days, and it happening, ſome Years ſince, that the *Indians* upon the Main of *New-England*, being at Wars with thoſe of *Long-Iſland*, Proclaim'd a *Sunday* in order to *Pawwaw*, that they might know the Succeſs of ſome of their Forces who had been ſent over to *Long-Iſland* with a new invented Blind. Accordingly they Built a very large long *Wigwam* by the Seaſide for the Stowage of the Spectators, who ſteer'd their Courſe from all parts of the Country to behold the Wonder and I being then in *New-England*, wer Aboard my *Pinnace* with two pair Hands, and ſo Row'd along Shore we made the General Rende where a great Number of *Indians* their *Squaws* and *Papooſes*, were gether in a higgle-de-piggle-de tude, who ſtunk as rank of their *tifying Pomatum*, *Yellow-Oker* and *Greaſe*, as a *Bacon-Man*'s Daughter of *Swines-Lard*, after ſhe has been king of *Hogs-Puddings*. However, t. *Indians* being all *Neatups*, that is *Friends*, as a Body may ſay, I edg'd my ſelf in amongſt 'em right a-head, till I arriv'd at the upper-end of the *Wigwam*, where three very large Fires were kindled to keep the Devil, as I ſuppoſe, from catching of Cold, who was come privately out of his Hot Country to give his Humble Servants, as I believe, his Inviſible Aſſiſtance. Finding I had got a very convenient Birth, I

was

was reſolv'd to keep my Station till the Show was over, where *I* had not lain by for above a quarter of an Hour but an Old *Hatchet-fac'd Wizzard*, who look'd as frightfully as if he had ſwallow'd a Young *Devil* for Breakfaſt, began to *Pawpaw*, beating his Breaſt after ſo Paſſionate a manner, as if he was ſtriving to ſpew him up again, ſcrewing his Body into as many awkward Poſtures as an Old *Planter* troubl'd with the *Dry-Belly-Ach*, making all the time as hideous a Howling as a Ships Crew juſt ready to ſink, till of a ſudden ceaſing his Noiſe, he fell flat to the Ground, and without Speech or Motion ſeem'd Dead, to all appearance, for a conſiderable ſpace, lying as near the Fire as if he deſign'd to riſe ready Roaſted, that he might be Eaten by his Countrymen, no Perſon ſpeaking or ſtirring during the whole time, excepting one, that attended with a Bowl of *Sea-Water*, often ſprinkling him in the Face, as if he was Baptizing him in the *Devil*'s Name, or elſe Baſting him as we do a *Pig*, with Salt and Water, that his Skin, when he was ready, might be the more Crackly; at laſt up he ſtarts without the leaſt damage from the Fires, which would have ſcorch'd a *Chriſtian* to Death in a quarter of the time, and declares to the Company That they ſhould over-come their Enemies. After him a Woman *Pawpaw'd* much after the ſame manner, only that ſhe fell down between the Fires flat upon her Back, the moſt Natural way of a Womans falling, where ſhe lay, as in a Trance, for a conſiderable time, without Singeing her Hair, or doing her Body the leaſt viſible Injury, tho' ſhe was near enough to the Fires to be Bak'd into a Cruſt as hard as a *Sea-Biſket*, at laſt up ſhe ſtarted from between the Flames, and, in Contradiction to the former, declares That all their Forces were Cut off, and that if they went but down to the Sea-ſide they ſhould ſee the *Canoes* coming back which Tranſported 'em over, with none but thoſe few Men which were left to take care of 'em; upon which the Multitude ran out of the *Wigwam* to the *Strand*, which was but a ſmall diſtance, where they ſoon found the ſad Story ſhe had told 'em to be all true to their Sorrow.

Querpo. Pray, by what Art or Power do you think their Bodies were preſerv'd from the Effects of the Fire? I confeſs it is a ſtrange thing to me that a Humane Body ſhould be render'd *Incumbuſtable.*

Log. I know not what you mean by your *Buſtables*; but I believe the *Devil* ſkreen'd 'em, or elſe they would as ſurely have been Broil'd to Death as ever St. *Lawrence* was.

Blunt. If the *Devil* had any thing to do in the matter, how came he to be ſo very Fooliſh as to let his Agents be in two Stories, one Falſe and the other True?

Log. Perhaps the Man was not Wicked enough for the *Devil*'s Purpoſe, and ſo the Old *Serpent* had a mind to put a Trick upon him. But finding the Woman fitted him to a *T*, he made choice of her as the fitteſt Meſſenger of ill News.

Blunt. The Female Sex are much oblig'd to you for your Complement.—— But, pray, Doctor, what Affinity has this manner of *Prophecying* with that of the *French Prophets?* Do they pretend to ſhow miracles in the delivery of their *Prophetical Inſpirations?*

Querpo. Yes, yes, they are able to out-do the *Indians* Mr. *Log* has been talkng

talking of, as much as the *German Artiſt* can out *Conjure* a *Common Juggler*; for *Glavis*, I think his Name is, one of the chief of 'em, pretends to go actually into the Fire, and to ſet himſelf down bare-Ars'd upon a heap of Red-hot Coals, and Smoke a Pipe of *Tobacco* for half an Hour in the middle of the Flames, and come out, when he has done, with no more hurt than if he was a new *Abednego*, or the Son of a *Salamander*.

Blunt. Well ſaid Doctor, you are an Excellent Artiſt at the *Long-Bow*: I find you have out-ſhot Mr. *Log*, as far as Sir *Harry Blunt* would an Ordinary *Traveller*.

Harlem. Tho' you ſeem to Laugh at it, upon my Word, Mr. *Blunt*, I have heard, Seriouſly, from ſeveral *Devout Fanaticks*, That the ſame Man, to convince them of the Truth of his being a real *Prophet*, and no *Impoſtor*, has ſomewhere beyond Sea, walk'd Soberly into a great Fire and out again with as little harm as the Three Children paſs'd the Fiery Furnace, and that ſeveral Perſons now in *Holland* have ſent over hither their Teſtimonies of the Fact, who were Eye-Witneſſes of the Miracle.

Blunt. I believe you mean from *Ireland* inſtead of *Holland*; for I fancy the beſt Evidence of ſuch Wonders are to be found among the *Bog-Trotters*.

Querpo. I confeſs, could I be but a Spectator of ſuch a Prodigy, it would go a great way in ſettling my Faith of abundance of Miſteries, which I am now a *Sceptiſt* in.

Log. As I Live I have ſeen ſuch ſtrange things among the *Indians*, that I can almoſt believe any thing, tho' I am verily perſwaded, what they do is by the Power of the Devil, becauſe they openly Worſhip him as an powerful Spirit, that he ſhould do them no harm.

Harlem. Therefore why may not the *French Prophets* do as great Miracles by the ſame Power, for before they *Propheſie*, they fall into ſtrange Extravagant Fits, beat their Breaſts, ſcrew themſelves into Frantick Poſtures, and make ugly Noiſes like the *Indians*, and look, I am ſure, with ſuch Infernal Countenances, as if they were the Devils near Relations.

Blunt. So long as you allow their Works Doctrine, and Propheſies to be of the Devil's Contriving, I am ready enough to agree with you; but whoever eſteems them as St. *John's* Interpreters, or ſets them up as new Lights in the *Chriſtians Religion*, proves himſelf ſuch a *Fanatical Blockhead*, that he deſerves to be Excommunicated out of the Pale of the *Chriſtian Church*.

Querpo. Ignorant People in all Ages are be led aſtray by *Hypocritial Sanctity* and *Falſe Miracles*. If an Impudent Fellow does but pretend *Inſpiration*, and can but amuſe the People with *Dreams*, *Viſions* and *Propheſies*, he may ſoon become the *Oracle* of a parcel of *Zealous Lunaticks*, who, like the Old *Ægyptians*, are ready to Worſhip every *Owl* that does but Hoot and Hollow to 'em.

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